Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vses dost thou put a man.
I think the Deuill scornes to be a bawde.
He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on's credit.
Base slauish abiect filthie pouertie.
Wi. Good sir; by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent?
Hus. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.
Wi. Alas, I am the lest cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or Iewels
Vse to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As y'are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my selfe be out of your respect
Thinke on the state of these three louely boies
You haue bin father to.
Hu. Puh Bastards, bastards, bastards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
Wi. Heauen knowes how those words wrong me? but I maie,
Endure these griefes among a thousand more.
Oh, call to mind your lands already morgadge,
Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,
At the vniuersitie in bonds for you
Like to be ceasd vpon. And
Hu. Ha done thou harlot,
Whome though for fashion sake I married,
I neuer could abide: thinkst thou thy wordes
Shall kill my pleasures, fal of to thy friends,
Thou and thy bastards begg; I will not bate

A whit in humor? midnight still I loue you,
And reuel in your Company; Curbd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custome, that I flagd in monie,
No, those thy iewels, I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.
Wi. Be it so.
H. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest, *spurns her*
I will for euer hould thee in contempt,
And neuer touch the sheets that couer thee,
But be diuorst in bed till thou consent,
Thy dowry shall be sold to giue new life
Vnto those pleasures which I most affect
Wi. Sir doe but turne a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall giue me leaue to do
You shall command.
Hu. Look it be done, shal I want dust & like a slaue weare nothing in my pockets but my hands
To fil them vp with nailes. *holding his hands in his pockets.*
Oh much against my blood, let it be done,
I was neuer made to be a looker on:
A bawde to dice? Ile shake the drabbs my selfe
And make em yeeld, I saie look it be done.
Wi. I take my leaue it shall. *Exit.*
Hu. Speedily, speedily, I hate the very howre I chose a wife a trouble trouble, three children like three euils hang vpon me, fie, fie, fie, strumpet, & bastards, strumpet and bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen heering him.

1 Gent. Still doe those loathsome thoughts Iare on